

## A

# PROLOGUE

*Spoken by F---ny L--e, of the New Play-  
House, on a Dray-Horse, in Answer to  
Will. P---k's Men's on an Ass.*

20. July. 1704.

SINCE Joking Epilogues for Current paise,  
And bear Wits sterling Stamp upon an *Ass*,  
As the Beast makes full Audiences appear,  
Much better than the Poet, or the Player;  
Why should not I, the same Endeavours use,  
And mounted thus bestride you with my Mule.  
Not that this House can boast a merry Strain,  
Equal to the Produce of *Drury-Lane*.  
Whose fructifying Fancy forward shoots,  
And *Porus*-like engages you with Brutes,  
But amidst our Discouragements we'd strive,  
To keep the Genius of this Stage alive,  
That droops with Grief, and with declining Head,  
Laments its Heroes from its Ensigns fled:  
While our Foes gain Addition from our loss,  
And no Deserters come from them to us.  
But why grieve I for Accidents of chance,  
Thus fares it with the Allies, and thus with *France*,  
Each in their turns their several Parties leave,  
And their Antagonists for Friends receive,  
Tho' for a time our Numbers do decay,  
If this House will not do, another may.

Hay-Marks.

And thus Equip'd on Francers back you see,  
Your humble Servant *Fanny Lane*  
Thus Arm'd and Accoutred Cap-a-Pee.  
Now shou'd I thus well Mounted cross the Main,  
And on the *Danube* make this fam'd Campaign,  
'Tis ten to one but I should wish my self Back again.  
Therefore—  
I'll buy a Brush and vamp from hence,  
For starving is not good in any sense,  
Nor could I ever be at War with Pence.  
By dint of Whip and Spur I'll kick and flog it,  
And list my self with *Powell*, and with *Dogget*.  
Says Mr. Office-keeper, *Why so fast?*  
*Stay Mr. Loo—till your Accounts are paid;*  
*Pop—on Accounts I ne'er made any yet,*  
*But always was brought (by 'em) into Debt;*  
With your leave Mr. S—th I'm not the first,  
That left as *George Powell* has on Trust.

*Hay-Market.*

I'll e'en Submit, for 'tis in vain to try,  
 Defendants with their Plaintiffs must comply;  
*Ho, Ball!* I from thy Sides must now dismount,  
 And work my self more deeper in Account;  
 Let *Ball* into the Stable then be led,  
 'Till Horse, and Master, both works out their Head.

## AN EPILOGUE,

*In Answer to Mr. Lee's Prologue Spoken by  
 Jubilee Dicky on Foot.*

**T**HE business of the *Drama* being done,  
 I should put other Looks than *Solon's* on,  
 And having play'd the *Natural* sagely shew,  
 It's in my power to play the *Wise-man* too,  
 As I Acknowledge what I can't requite,  
 And Thank you for your Company this Night.  
 But that my Looks and Circumstance may suit,  
 I'm come to offer up my Thanks on foot;  
 Not mounted on a Steed with Spur and Rein,  
 To let you see I could dismount again;  
 Just as yon blustering Comedian did,  
 Whose Guts had eaten out his Horses head.  
 Let t'other House make their Returns that way,  
 Harness their *Pegasus* from Cart and Dray,  
 And talk of Debts they ne're intend to Pay.  
 As well as our the Proverb's on their side,  
 Let some Folks get on Horse-back they will Ride,  
 VVhile he that owns it is not paid a Soufe,  
*For Sue a Beggar, and you'l catch a Loufe;*  
 Our Case from theirs as different as our Wit,  
 Our Treasurer will not let us be in's debt;  
 Or if we shou'd, due Silence would be kept,  
 Bankrupts ne're tell the World how much they'r dipt,  
 That would obstruct the Measures which they take,  
 And they would ne're for their Ten Thousands break.  
 But Brethren otherwise should Brethren handle,  
 We'r told that *Tace's* Latin for a Candle;  
 So my fam'd Predecessor *Solon* taught,  
 That Evil-Speaking still's accounted naught,  
 What for a Goose is for a Gander good,  
 And if we are not got in Debt we wou'd;  
 And must, unless this Audience takes Compassion,  
 And keeps us above-Water this Vacation.